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# THE HAVERSACK.





# THE HAVERSACK.

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PUBLISHED BY THE  
COMMITTEE ON HOSPITALS FOR THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR  
FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

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# C I R C U L A R .

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OFFICE OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR

FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

*Philadelphia, April, 1864.*

SOLDIERS AND SEAMEN! The Committee on Hospitals propose to issue a volume written, printed, and sold by yourselves, at the GREAT CENTRAL FAIR for the U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION, to be held in Philadelphia early in June.

This book shall contain brief and graphic sketches of Army and Naval Life; accounts of hardships and privations of Prison Life; acts of personal daring and hair-breadth escapes; and reminiscences of the march and bivouac.—of the conflict and Hospital.

To enable them to effect this purpose, they urgently request and solicit the aid and assistance of Soldiers and Seamen of the Army and Navy of the United States. Every one has a story, either of himself or of his comrade; and any and all communications will be most gladly received and acknowledged.

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In accordance with the tenor of the above Circular, the Committee on Hospitals present the accompanying Sketches, as the result of their efforts in this project. From unavoidable circumstances, no response has been received from the Navy. And they offer these simple and truthful

narratives as illustrations of the Lights and Shadows of Army Experience.

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# THE HAVERSACK.

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## REMINISCENCES OF PRISON LIFE.

BY ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

I WILL commence by saying that I was Color-bearer in the 11th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, at the first battle of Bull Run, and received a slight wound in that engagement. I was taken to Sudley Church, (about half a mile from the battle-field), which was used as a hospital at that time. About sun-down, on that day, we were visited by a squad of rebel officers, who informed us that they had gained the day, and that we must consider ourselves prisoners of war. They added, that we need give ourselves no uneasiness, as we should be treated like *white men*, and should be sent home as soon as we were able to go; but, like most of their promises, they were not fulfilled. One of these rebel officers asked me what State I was from; and, on telling him that I was from Massachusetts, he turned up his chivalrous nose, and said it was "the meanest d——d State in the whole country;" then turned and left me, for which I was not sorry, nor did I call him back. The next day, a man who came to see "the Yanks," told us that it was fortunate that none of us came within range of his wife, for if we should she would "broom-stick us to death." She, however, overcame her prejudices against us so much as to visit us in the afternoon with her husband; and, after walking round in silence among the men for about an hour, she fell into conversation and found out what we were fighting for; this changed her views completely. She visited us every day, and did everything she could for us while we were there. This we found to be the case wherever

we went; after conversing with us for a short time, and finding that there was something a little human in us, the people were ready to grant us all the privileges they could, but they were few at the best. During the time that we remained here, we had nothing whatever to eat but what the men who were able to go out brought to us from the haversacks of dead soldiers on the field, and also what the man and his wife whom I have mentioned, gave to us.

I left this place, in company with several others, for Manasses Junction, remaining there for a day and night, when we were placed on the cars to go to Richmond. On reaching there, we were conveyed to the Hospital from the cars in ambulances. The building used for this purpose was built for an almshouse, and very comfortable. While there, we received very kind treatment, as the Sisters of Charity had taken the whole control of it; before this was the case, we understood that the men had suffered much from neglect. We could find no fault here with the food or our medical treatment. The doctor, who had charge of the room in which I was, treated us very kindly. There was one of our boys who was extremely ill, and he brought him constantly little luxuries from his home; but he was soon discharged, and we thought it was because he had treated us so well. Some ladies also brought us fruit, cake, candies, and other luxuries, but this stopped as soon as discovered.

I remained in this hospital for six weeks, and was then sent to one of the tobacco warehouses on Main Street, a three story brick building. I was placed in the third story, the first being occupied by the guard, and the second and third by the prisoners. Our rations here were very much changed, consisting of bread and a small piece of beef for breakfast; dinner and supper came together, of rice water, called soup, with occasionally a small piece of meat in it, but very rarely. This was all we had to eat while we were there. The floor on which we laid at night was covered with "Yanks;" and, although they knew that such was the case, they fired up into the building several times whilst I was there. One night,

after we had all lain down, one of our men raised up for something, and just as he did so, a ball passed up, directly behind his back, which must have passed through his body had he been lying down, as he had been but the moment before.

While we were here, we got out of money and tobacco; now a soldier can get along without the first named article, but hardly without the last, therefore a consultation was held, and we came to the conclusion that there must be some tobacco in the loft of the building, which was used as a store-room, but the difficulty was to get there, as the door leading to it was padlocked, and we dared not break that, for fear of discovery. After closely examining the ground, we found out that there was sufficient room between a window and the stairs to allow a man to get through on to the stairs which led to the loft; one of our men succeeded in doing this,—reaching the loft, and passing the tobacco to another in waiting below; and, in this way, we supplied ourselves with enough to last for two months.

I was kept in this warehouse for about a month; and then, with about one hundred and fifty others, was moved to another, as the weather was too warm to have such numbers crowded into one building. As I was seated on the window-seat here one day, I heard the report of a gun, and felt the dust fly up in my face; I rose to see what it was, and found that one of the guard had fired at a man sitting in the next window, and had come within three inches of hitting me. A few days after, whilst a man was hanging his blanket out of one of the back windows, on the third floor, the guard sang out to him from below, to put his head in; the man did not hear him; the guard called out again, firing as he spoke, and inflicting a mortal wound, from which he died in ten minutes: his body was taken away and buried immediately. In one half hour, the guard who shot him was marching round the prison with a sword on, and boasting of having been promoted for shooting “a d——d Yank.” Such was the fulfillment of the promise that we should be treated like *white men*, and added one more leaf to their chivalrous wreath.

After we had been here about three or four weeks, the "Dutch Sergeant," as he was called (although he acted as commander-in-chief of the prison, or appeared to do so to us), came in and formed us in line to call the roll, ordering every man as his name was called to say whether he had been wounded, as those who had not been were to be sent at once to South Carolina and New Orleans; while the wounded were to remain for the present, to await exchange. As I was among the latter class, I was sent with them to another warehouse, while the well men were sent South. The officers were confined in this building and all had the expectation of getting home shortly, but we soon found that for us it was to be the expectation but not the home. Here we engaged extensively in bonework; there was always a rush for the bones from the meat, which we made into rings, shields, and other fancy articles. Men might be seen at all times standing round the room rubbing down the pieces of bone against the brick wall, to make them smooth; this was slow work, and we were very glad to get a few files after a time, so that we could get on faster. Some of the men thought that their shields would sell better to the "Johnny Rebs" by putting their own emblems upon them, but they soon found that they did not like them half so well as they did those of the "Yanks," and therefore that there was no object in making them.

We got out of tobacco here, and had to resort to strategy once more. We knew that there was plenty of it in a small room next ours, directly over the rebel officer's room who had charge of us; but, on trying to break it open, we were discovered, and the door securely nailed up to prevent future efforts. We were, therefore, obliged to adopt some other plan, and soon decided on the following one. There was a large pile of thin boards in the yard, and we were allowed, if so inclined, to take them and build bunks in our room to sleep on; some of these had been put up against the partition which divided our room from the one which held the coveted tobacco. A lot of us assembled in that corner, dancing and singing, in order to make as much noise as possible, to drown other



sounds; one of us then got under the bunk with a saw made out of the back of a knife, sawing a hole large enough for him to crawl through. He passed out to us about two hundred pounds of tobacco, supplying us with the necessary weed once more at the enemy's expense. The loss was soon discovered, but the strictest search for a long time failed to disclose anything, until an officer chanced to look under the bunk, and discovered our mode of entrance. "Well," said he, "I'll be d——d if you Yanks don't beat all; there's no use in trying to keep anything from you; but just remember, if you attempt that again, at the slightest sound from there, the guard shall be ordered to fire into the room, and some of you will suffer." We did not, of course, try it again, as we were amply supplied for the time we remained, but we understood afterwards that another raid had been made, and two hundred pounds more obtained without discovery.

It was amusing to hear the "Dutch Sergeant" call the roll. He used to come up with two or three of the guard; and if we were not all up and ready to fall into line, he would fly round, swear, and strike the men who were not up a blow with the flat of his sword. This treatment continued until we were sent to Tuscaloosa, under his charge, in the latter part of November, when he turned round completely, and treated us as kindly as his own men. He called us his "Yankee Chums," and whenever we were insulted on the way, he would draw his revolver and threaten to shoot them on the spot. Whilst we stopped at Augusta, Georgia, a woman came out of the crowd which had gathered to see us, and looked at us steadily for about fifteen minutes in perfect silence. She then turned and asked one at her side, if we were Yankees. On being told that we were, she repeated the question in perfect amazement, asking if he was sure of it; and, being told that it was certain, she said, "Why, they look a good deal like our men!"

We arrived at Tuscaloosa in four or five days, when the "Dutch Sergeant" started to find quarters for us. He was obliged to place us in an old building that had been used for storing cotton; but he soon informed us that his "Yankee

Chums" must have a better place than that, and he would find one for them. There was a large building in the city, which had been used as a "Hotel and U. S. Court," the latter words had been scraped off, but the "U. S." could still be faintly seen. This, our friend offered to rent; but the owner hearing what purpose it was for, declined renting it on any terms, when the Sergeant informed him that he should take it, as he had one hundred and fifty guard and five hundred "Yankee Chums," who would all fight for him; without another word, he ordered us to march in and take the hotel, which we did without trouble, and a most comfortable place it proved. We had also better rations here than since we had been taken prisoners. On Christmas Day, the Sergeant treated us to coffee and sweet potatoes at his own expense; he was very kind to us about our rations, listened to our complaints, investigated them, and often punished the offenders who had the charge of them. The way that we obtained coffee here was to commit some offence, for which we were put in the guard-house, which was over the store-room where the coffee was; we then lowered ourselves through a trap-door in the floor, got the coffee, and passed it up to some one in waiting above; in this way, by taking turns, we kept ourselves supplied pretty much all the time. About the 1st of February, we received some clothing from the Government, and Massachusetts also sent her men some,—thus I was favored with a change of clothing, the first since I had been taken prisoner. On the strength of this arrival, we had a dress parade on the 22d, and celebrated the birthday of the "Father of our Country" in a large hall that there was in the building.

We had here a Dramatic Club, which gave two or three performances, consisting of selections from Shakespeare, recitations, "nigger singing," &c., &c., to which spectators from outside were admitted and seemed much pleased, especially with the "nigger singing." At one of the performances, they threw more than five dollars on the stage (*i. e.*, the floor) to them; but one or two of our number taking advantage of citizens being there,

dressed in citizen's dress and escaped. They were soon captured, but an end was thus put to this amusement.

We signed a parole here on the 23d of February, to be sent home, and left Tuscaloosa on the 1st of March; but when we reached Weldon, we were ordered to go to Salisbury, North Carolina, as Lincoln had broken his agreement with regard to exchange, so they said,—but, of course, we never believed them. We afterwards supposed that they had made us sign a parole as they were short of guard, and thus might make sure that we should not try to escape.

We arrived at Salisbury on the 14th day of March, where we had the poorest rations of any place we were in. We remained here till the 23d of May; and, after signing another parole, we started for home; and never can I forget the feeling I experienced on beholding the “Old Flag” after ten months absence from it.

It was on Sunday afternoon that we were towed down the Tar River in flat boats, to Washington, North Carolina, where we were to land. When we were within about a mile of it, we saw a small boat start from one of our gunboats and row for us, with a white flag at the bow and the stars and stripes at the stern. From the moment we first saw the boat till she got where we could see the stars and stripes, you might have heard a pin drop in any part of the boat; but when she turned stern too, a breeze started up, and blew the dear Old Flag out in its full length. Such a cheer as went up then from one and all I never heard before in all my life, and never shall again.

We were warmly welcomed by the men, each one trying to outdo the other in doing favors to us. We started for Newbern the next morning, in the transport-ship “Hossack;” and after remaining there two days, sailed for New York, where we arrived on Saturday morning, taking the Fall River route for home, arriving there on Sunday, June 1st, after this long and weary confinement.

After remaining at home six weeks, I was ordered to report to Camp Parole, Annapolis, thence to join my regiment. I was in the Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg

fight; was wounded in the latter, and brought to this hospital, in Philadelphia, where I have been ever since.

I shall leave for home in a few days, and therefore shall not have the pleasure of being at the "Great Central Fair;" but I trust that those who are doing so much for it, will meet with the reward that they deserve for their untiring exertions in behalf of the suffering soldier. •

AARON BRADSHAW,

Sergeant Company K, 11th Massachusetts Volunteers.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

## LOOK TO THE END.

Life is but a Book! the days of man its leaves,  
Whereon impressed our actions are by what the heart receives,  
Which printer like, each day records with photographic skill,  
Not only deeds, but thoughts and words, be they good or ill.

The Infant's but a little Tract! and simply one of love,  
That passing through this troubled vale, attracts our thoughts above,  
For consolation and for help, where only we may look,  
To find direction for the heart, to print a holy Book.

The life of Youth a Scrap Book is, of letters gay and bright,  
Where Evil hath assumed the garb of pleasure and delight,  
To lead the mind, direct the heart, those tender leaves to fill,  
With deeds, not done for "His dear sake," and thoughts less worthy still.

Manhood's life, a Volume is! when reason's subtle power,  
Assumes the guidance of the heart, the record of the hour;  
And if the Press of "Faith" is used with type so clear and bright,  
Those leaves, when "Death" shall bind them up shall stand the test of Light.

Old age! the full leaved Folio! of man's allotted days,  
Begun with love, sees pleasure through, then comes to reason's ways,  
Increasing powers of knowledge then, to thee, O! man is given,  
To make thy Book when full and bound, a pass for thee to Heaven.

Let us then look, who favored are, to reach maturer age,  
For knowledge, that will aid the heart to fill each daily page  
With deeds of love! to God above for blessings he doth send,  
That so our book of Life, may be, a good book to the end.

Christian St. Hospital,  
Philadelphia, October, 1862.

W. COLLIS,  
31st. Regt. N. Y. Vols.

## SOLDIER LIFE OF JOHN W. WHAPLES,

OF NEW YORK.

I enlisted in Buffalo, New York, October 9, 1861, in Company C, 100th Regiment, New York Volunteers. We left for Washington, March 17, 1862. There we were organized with First Brigade, Second Division, Fourth Army Corps. About three weeks after we encamped near Alexandria, Virginia. I there slept on the ground for the first time; rising in the morning with two inches of snow on our blankets. Our brigade took the transport "Constitution," two days after our arrival in Alexandria, for Fortress Monroe, Virginia. On our way down the Potomac one pilot ran us aground opposite a rebel battery. [Perhaps he wished to communicate with his friends !!] Two gun-boats came to our protection. We safely reached Fortress Monroe three days after the fight between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*. From there we started on the Peninsula campaign. We left the transport at Newport News, and encamped at Camp Riply. There I was chosen *color-bearer* of the regiment. Then commenced our heavy marching, until we were halted by our faithful skirmishers near Yorktown. Our Brigade General, Nagley, was constantly with the picket line, and appeared more like a *sentinel* on duty than a General in command. I have known him to come to the *reserve* and lie down with the men, and entertain them with stories through the whole night. Omitting the routine duty of camp life and the familiar history of the evacuation of Yorktown by the rebels, I pass on to the battle of Williamsburg, the first in which we were engaged. We were ordered to the extreme right for a flank movement and to prevent the evacuation of Williamsburg. We were victorious, capturing some 7000 prisoners. One division under *General Casey* was ordered to the advance of the army moving toward Richmond. Nothing special occurred until we reached the Chickahominy, where, during a brisk artillery duel the rebels fired Bottom Bridge, which was in

flames as we drove them from the river. The loss of this bridge detained us a week, as we were compelled to lay our pontoons. We still led the advance to Fair Oaks, where we were engaged in a serious combat. Our brigade took the initiative in this battle, which commenced about 1½ P. M. About 2 P. M. General Casey rode up and ordered our regiment to charge; during which charge I was wounded *three times*. Still I felt determined not to quit the field. To save our battery, we were ordered to make the second charge, in which I received *three more wounds*, but still felt proud to shake the banner of my country in the face of the enemy. On returning to the rifle-pits I received yet *another wound*, and although weak and faint from the loss of blood, I still bore my proud banner with me, my hands being glued to the flagstaff with my own blood. Two of these wounds were of a very serious character—one through my neck came fearfully near cutting the jugular vein, and dislocating my neck; one entered my left side, where it yet remains.

I was helped from the field and soon brought to Washington. [Douglass Hospital.] In the adjoining bed, Ward D, lay a rebel familiarly called a "Live Tiger." I felt greatly vexed at this fellow, who would not taste food or drink until I had partaken of the same. One of the sesesh women who used to bring him delicacies, one day commenced a conversation in a low tone of voice, which I would not suffer and had her excluded from the hospital. I will now pass on to December 11, 1862, when I had so far recovered as to rejoin my regiment, at Gloucester Point, Virginia, from which we soon sailed to Hilton Head, South Carolina. About the last of February General Hunter reviewed the whole army, and our regiment was ordered to sieze *Coles Island*, in Charleston harbor, at all hazards. This we did on the 3d of March. We grounded on the bar, but were landed by the aid of the gun-boats McDonald and Pawnee. We remained on this island one week in sight of the enemy without reinforcements, in which time we had several artillery duels. Our regiment was again honored by being ordered to sieze *Folly Island*, which was cheerfully

obeyed. Here we erected batteries for our protection in the siezing of *Morris Island*, to which responsible post our regiment was again ordered about the first of June. Quietly working through the night, concealed by the woods, in the morning our batteries opened and shelled the island for some three hours, when we charged across Lighthouse inlet and took possession of the lower end of *Morris Island*, capturing 160 prisoners.

On the 18th July, General Gillmore held a council of war, when the 54th Massachusetts (Colored) Regiment was designated to charge the rebel battery *Wagner*, supported by our regiment, called "*the Bloody One Hundredth*," because of the terrible slaughter of our men. In this charge, while I was standing on the parapet of *Wagner*, I received a terrible wound in my head, made with a pike, (or man catcher,) cracking my scull. This caused me to renew my hospital experience. Bad as was this wound, in seven weeks I again returned to my regiment. Then commenced the long series of entrenchments, or siege approaches to the rebel works, *Wagner* and *Sumpter*. I was honored by being one of ten detached from my company to work the 100-pound Parrott gun on the left of the 2d Parallel; and it gave me great pleasure to send the iron missile to its home, and greater still to send the first compliments of "Uncle Sam," in the shape of Greek fire into the nest of Secessionists, where Rebellion was born. It was my great happiness to participate in the capture of *Wagner* and the reduction of *Sumter*, and at intervals sending shell into Charleston.

Passing over the laborious and continued siege operations, until December 11, 1863, an accident occurred in the explosion of a shell about a yard from me, which destroyed my right eye and nearly ruined my left, also carrying away half of my right foot, and dislocating the cap of my left knee, as well as filling my face with powder, which I shall carry to my grave, and severely injuring my right hand. I wish here to express my grateful thanks to Dr. E. Dyer, for partially restoring the sight of my left eye, so that I can move about with compara

tive comfort. Though I carry one rebel ball in my body, and thirteen wounds received in my glorious country's cause, I do not regret the sacrifice I have made for God, my country and liberty. I cannot close without thanking the many friends who have shown me kindness, and especially my dear sister, Julia R. Price, who came to Morris Island through almost insurmountable difficulties, borne on by a sister's love, to nurse a wounded brother, on what she supposed was his death-bed. Her reward is a brother's blessing, added to the privilege of firing a shell into the city of Charleston, which she did in February, 1864. God bless our country, is the prayer of so-called

"HAPPY JACK."

HOSPITAL, WEST PHILADELPHIA,  
April 24, 1864.



## THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

*Written from facts of which the author, C—— R—— K——, Co. D, 19th Regt.  
Maine Vols., was an eye-witness.*

THE sun had gone his daily round,  
And, from his labor to seek rest,  
Behind the hill-tops, going down,  
Sinking slowly in the West.

His last rays still dimly shone,  
Kissing the top of a stately pine  
That to uncommon height had grown,  
Twined thickly round with creeping vine.

Glimmering camp-fires might be seen  
In the distance dimly burning;  
Sentinels on their muskets lean  
With lazy air, quite unconcerning.

The bugle had not yet proclaimed  
The hour for soldiers to retreat—\*  
In red rose tints the camp-fires flamed  
As we gathered in the street.

There's one that from our midst had gone,  
Taken by death's relentness hand—  
We missed his sparkling wit, that shone  
In splendor 'mong our little band.

His weeping Father had just come,  
To find the body of his son,  
And take it to his cheerless home—  
Made so by work that death had done.

With pick and spade, we made our way  
Toward the grave-yard's lone retreat,  
Unaided by the light of day,  
With naught but moon to guide our feet.

Arrived, our work we soon begun,  
That weeping father standing by,  
Anxious to see his lifeless son,  
His bosom rent by many a sigh.

\* Retreat—the hour of sun-down.

The clay now being all removed,  
With care, from off the coffin-lid,  
We raised the form of him we loved—  
No word we spake, the scene forbid.

The moon-beams, bursting from a cloud,  
Shone sadly on his pallid face ;  
His form unwrapped by robe or shroud ;  
An open field his resting-place.

There he lay, like one in sleep,  
Curls clustering round his manly brow—  
That father o'er his child did weep—  
"I have no son to love me now !

"Thou stay of my declining years,  
Youngest lamb of all my flock—  
Thou center of my hopes and fears—  
It breaks my heart to give thee up.

"I'm not alone in my lament—  
A mother's heart feels more than mine ;  
Hours in silent grief she's spent,  
Her tender heart near rent in twain.

"The sun-light of our household's gone,  
Why should we care to longer live ?  
Those eyes are closed that love-lit shone—  
He's gone that joy to us did give.

"Oh ! would that I were in thy place,  
My son, and thou alive in mine !  
But, as it is, God give me grace  
Meekly my will to His resign."

As the old man his wail did cease,  
A deep-toned bell of neighboring tower  
Did the solemn scene increase,  
As it tolled the midnight hour.

Our mournful duty being done,  
Each sought his couch for quiet rest,  
With seeds of sadness deeply sown  
Within each pity-hardened breast.

## UNION REFRESHMENT SALOONS, PHILA.

DEAR JACK :—I take the within lines from a continuation of events since we left Buffalo. You will perceive that there is neither beginning or end, and remember, it is my first attempt, so, make all allowances.

I really think that angels make it their dwelling place,  
You can see the patriotism shining in the ladies' face,  
The welcome that they gave us, the supper table set  
Such a supper of good things, we soldiers, seldom get,

The ladies, they were neatly dressed in red and white and blue,  
Their eyes, so black and sparkling, they'd pierce you through and through,  
And if they saw a bashful man, they would not let him wait  
But anxiously they'd watch him and keep piling up his plate.

I will now describe to you, that is, if I am able,  
The good things that were eatable and lay upon the table,  
There was splendid bread and butter, cakes, sausages and ham,  
Tongue, roast beef, pies and pickles, and various kinds of jam.

In the middle of the table stood a bouncing plum cake,  
And many other niceties, we soldiers did partake ;  
For drink, we had good coffee and plenty of good tea,  
And for waiters at the table, give me pleasant "thou and thee!"

Our Regiment, it mustered nearly a thousand men,  
There are very few boys left now, to see the like again,  
But every one felt grateful and would brag about that night,  
And if any one would mention it, he'd do it with delight.

And many a soldier's fervent prayer has been offered up above,  
For those that showed the volunteers such kindness and such love,  
May the cause for which they labor, soon reach a happy end,  
And the volunteers return to home, in peace their days to spend.

Some day, I hope to have the pleasure of giving you the contents of our three years cruise, not forgetting the old wood-pile at Fair Oaks, the old Constitution, Malvern Hill, Bottom Bridge, and last not least, the scrape you and Dan got yourselves into.

It is done up in a rough state, without any preparation or

consideration, but I often have some fun over the course events have taken.

God bless you, Jack, and may you recover your sight, and may it be available for you to keep and steer clear of all rattling shell, bad company, and ultimately to see your way to the Kingdom above where there is no war nor any trials, but an eternity of love.

Yours, Respectfully,  
JOHNNY WAPPLES.

## DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.

A QUESTION often asked by civilians and the uninitiated, is, "How do you feel when you go into battle?" I will attempt to answer it, by stating my own experience in regard to the matter.

Of course, as every one must be aware, one feels that his life is in imminent danger, and a nervousness creeps over him when he gets "under fire" for the first time; but the sacredness of the cause and the example of others are great incentives to urge the soldier of the Union to resolve to do his duty and to bravely meet the foe; and, after a little while, although he sees his comrades falling around him, he is determined on driving back the enemy, and every one strives to outdo his fellow-soldier in bearing up manfully to the end of the contest.

A man's nerves are tried to the utmost during an artillery fire, when the command is given, "lie down," and every one hugs mother earth to seek protection as he has never done before, no matter how disagreeable the soil may be, while a dead silence prevails through the ranks, so much so, that the least perceptible noise can plainly be heard. Then commences the piercing whistling and hissing of the shells and balls as they are hurled through the air above you, making you feel as if any moment may be your last. The idea of being torn to pieces by these deadly missiles is certainly not a very pleasant one.

You pray that it may soon end—you wish that it was over; but you know very well that to get up and run back would only endanger your personal safety, while a sense of duty holds you to your post.

The firing ceases. You are then ordered up, perhaps to make a charge, or maybe to oppose the advancing columns of the enemy, and you feel much more at ease than you did while lying down and being shelled.

Then commences the roar of musketry, and the excitement

increases. A terrible noise is kept up, but the shouts of the men, who are gaining upon their enemy, is heard far above the din of battle. The voices of commanding officers, encouraging their men to deeds of valor and of daring, is also heard above the clamor and shouts of the warriors.

The foe are gaining on us ; our lines are about to break, and perhaps, to retreat in confusion, when the well-known form of our beloved General is seen advancing and beckoning us to follow, and we rally, and with one deafening and prolonged cheer, again advance, with the glorious stars and stripes unfurled to the breeze, to meet the rebel hordes and drive them back at the point of the bayonet.

Thus, after a prolonged contest, we feel tired and worn out by the excitement and exposure, and we can lie down anywhere to rest our wearied limbs.

The most heart-rending scene is to witness the battle-field after the fighting has ceased—to hear the groans of the wounded and dying, as they cry for help when no assistance can be rendered them, except at the sacrifice of life, and perhaps, not even then, as they lie between the contending armies. To hear the shrieks and cries of these poor sufferers is indeed distressing, and enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Of what incalculable benefit a cup of water given by a friendly hand would be at such a time, none, but he who has experienced it, can truly realize.

Then surely he who risks his life and suffers for the benefit of his country is worthy the assistance of his countrymen. It is the duty of every loyal citizen, whose friends are serving in the great volunteer army for the nation's existence, to encourage and aid them to bear up in their trials, especially the sick and wounded.

Those who do not wish to risk their lives to engage in this great contest for the maintenance of our Union, should do all in their power to have the brave soldiers, wounded while fighting the battles of our country, properly cared for.

Much more might be related of the sufferings of wounded soldiers, some of whom have lain on the battle-field for several

days without a morsel of food to appease their hunger, or a drop of water to quench their thirst; and when they did receive assistance, it was often at the hands of the SANITARY COMMISSION, but we trust enough has been said to induce the reader who is enjoying the comforts of a quiet home and living in peace and plenty, to aid in this worthy cause.

DAVID Q. GEIGER,  
Sergeant, Co. II, 68th Regiment, P. V.

## LIBERTY 'S. TREASON.

BY SERGEANT M. B. LADD, U. S. A. HOSPITAL, WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

O, Lord of hosts, Thou mighty King!  
May we, in FREEDOM'S name, fulfill  
Thy vast designs with humble hearts,  
And execute thy righteous will.

God bless the Nation's mighty heart,  
And bless the brave, whose blood shall flow  
In working out the tyrant's doom,  
And laying treason's ensign low!

By noble deeds which they have done—  
By triumphs on the land and sea,  
Deep in the Nation's glowing soul  
Shall they, for aye, remembered be.

The conflict rages fierce and wild;  
Two mighty hosts, opposing, meet:  
See treason, with a form defiled,  
Lo! Liberty, angelic, sweet.

Columbia! 'Tis a glorious name,  
The dearest land of any clime;  
Then never let her sink in shame,  
But make her future all sublime.

See, now, the lines of battle stretch  
Beyond the dark Potomac's side;  
While with a tearful eye we catch  
Each noble form with holy pride.

Now rally round our banner bright,  
Hark! 'tis the Country's startling cry!  
Strike! ere her glory sets in night,  
Or Freedom shall forever die!

Rise! Countrymen! Arise! Arise!  
Strike home, and break the tyrant's chain!  
And honor, honor! to the skies  
Him, who is counted with the slain!



## WHAT A UNION WOMAN SUFFERED,

OR, EXPERIENCES OF THE LIBBY PRISON.

MY DEAR MISS :—I will give you, as you desire, an account of what I went through in the month I spent, as a prisoner in Richmond. It is not often in any one's life that such an experience comes to them as that which I have gone through, and if you will not think my story too long, I will tell it just as it happened.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, my boy was wounded ; the fatal Friday which brought us all, at the North, such heavy hearts, came to me, with sad tidings, for I knew that my boy was wounded, perhaps more seriously than I thought. I was not long, as you may suppose, in making my way to him. Obtaining through the recommendation of Governor Curtin when I reached Washington, the necessary pass for Falmouth, where I found my son in the Fitzhugh Hospital as it was called, the beautiful country-seat of the Hon. Henry Fitzhugh. The house was filled with our boys, suffering from fresh amputations, some on the field, some just before I reached there, for this was but two weeks after the battle. My own boy, I found had had his leg taken off two days before I reached there, after a vain attempt to save it.

Poor fellows ! how any one, just from home, mourned over the suffering they were undergoing, and yet, this was comfort, almost luxury, compared with the sights and sorrows we had in store, in the many weary nights and endless days, of the wretched Libby Prison.

God in His mercy, saved us from even the forebodings of such a fate.

Mr. Fitzhugh's house, which had been converted into a hospital, was a large one, and the rooms on one side of the hall were reserved for the family ; the master of the house being in the rebel army. I had very little intercourse with the family in any way, but one thing which often occurred, struck me

rather an unnecessary piece of cruelty. Miss Fitzhugh's piano stood on one side of the partition between the rooms, and the table on which the amputations were performed on the other, and many a time, while they were going on, would she rattle off the most lively music, and sing at the top of her voice, the "Bonny Blue Flag," which I was not then sufficiently well-taught to know, as one of the favorite rebel songs. I found after a little time passed, that Mrs. Fitzhugh had no objection to let me buy from her some little delicacy, such as chicken, eggs or milk, which made the fare of the sick boys I was nursing, rather better. My own boy, as you may not perhaps remember, belonged to the 90th Pennsylvania, and with him was a cousin, Shields, a brave fellow of the 6th Wisconsin Regiment. He had had his leg taken off on the field, and they both needed all my care. Thus passed nearly a month, when the army of the Potomac was pressed on towards the North, to follow Lee into Pennsylvania, (as we afterwards learned) and our hospital taken possession of by the rebels.

Captain W. L. Hunt of General Pender's staff, (C. S. A.) arrived to see what was the extent of his good luck in capturing our little band of wounded, and as there was not much beside, to pride himself on, appropriated our hospital stores, laying violent hands on lemons, brandy, and many things provided for the worst cases. Our kind Surgeon, (Dr. Whitney, 16th Mass.,) whom we always gratefully remember, said to him, "Captain, do you take these things from wounded, dying boys?" "Oh, yes, yes," was the reply, "we *must* have these things, *they are needed*," and his soldiers were ordered to fill the wagon and drive off directly with our stores. How hard this was to see, you may know, when I tell you, that there were poor fellows then dying of fever, whose very lives hung on those supplies. Two of them died the morning after this happened.

After two weeks, under rebel rule as prisoners, we were put into the cars for Richmond. My parting direction from Miss Fitzhugh was, that if I came to Falmouth again, I must bring her some *new music*; it seemed like a mockery at such a time, and to any one with so sad a heart as mine.

A heavy pouring rain made our journey more wretched, and as we passed through Guiney's Station, Milford, Hanover Junction, and Ashland, the people would crowd about the stations, calling out, "Look at the Yanks! the d——d Yanks, prisoners!" This was our only greeting from the *people* of Virginia, as suffering, wounded, dying; our poor boys passed on. The greeting which the Southern chivalry gave us in the persons of Captain Alexander, Colonel Winder and Major Turner, came later and even more thoroughly Southern in its intensity of contempt. Tuesday passed on and nearly half of Wednesday before we reached Richmond, and found a crowd assembled in Broad Street, to stare at and insult the "Yanks" as they were taken out, exhausted from their wounds, half starved and almost fainting from the long weary journey. You must remember, that we had been on our way from Tuesday morning until Wednesday afternoon without provisions, medicine or relief of any kind; two of our number drew their last breaths and were lifted out stiff and cold, but was not compassion more truly needed by us, the living, with the future before us? They were at rest, the jeers and scoffs of those insulting faces and the pain of their taunting words could do them no more harm. Well might those who loved them, take comfort from the fact, they were spared the last drop in their cup of misery on reaching Richmond.

The prisoners were all quickly taken away to the Libby Prison, and before I knew what had happened, I found myself in a place, which I did not then know the name of, but which I afterwards found was Castle Thunder, a more hated and hateful place even, than the infamous Libby. Here I was rudely thrust into a room and told that I was to remain there. Fancy to yourself my desperation, in this wretched city, in prison, and separated from my boy, for whose sake, even imprisonment seemed light. I was worn out, fainting from want of food and thirst, for not a drop of water even had passed my lips since we left Falmouth. A wild sort of power seemed to nerve me and turning to Captain Alexander, I said in agony, "Never, never, will I stay here, by the help of Almighty God,

you shall never keep me away from my boy !” I need not tell you, the coarse language, the insults I called down ; the rage of this man vented itself in words and jeers which no one with a spark of manliness in him could have used to a woman. Suffice it to say, that that God who was my only Friend, gave me His help, and after another hour of low insults, such as I do not dare to write, I reached the Libby and asked as a humble favor, a drop of water, “Certainly madam,” said the young man at the desk, “Oh ! thank God,” I said, “for one kind word.” “Oh, madam,” he replied, “We are not all brutes.” I then begged that they would only let me stay in any capacity. This was at first denied. I would not be refused. I would wash, scrub, cook, nurse, any thing, if only I might stay, and at last it was granted. I must not forget to tell you, that I was startled while I was at Castle Thunder, with the most terrible shrieks, “Oh, don’t kill me ! oh, massa, for God’s sake don’t kill me !” in the most piteous tones, and as I went out, could not but stop as I passed the room where the poor blacks were beaten. Tied so that they could not move, kneeling on the floor, and stripped, the lashes as they fell, cut deep gory cuts, from which the blood fell. Oh, what a sight ! my imploring cries that they would shoot them at once, only brought me further insult ; and in the next room through which I went, were soldiers tied up by the thumbs, and in various positions of torture for punishment. Their own men, who for some crime or misdemeanor, were going through this punishment. What were the poor “Yankees” to look for, if this brutal treatment was inflicted on their own soldiers ? Do not think my dear friend, when you read my words, that I am exaggerating ; I give you the testimony of an eye-witness, and perhaps, that of the only Union woman who is able to describe the interior of Libby Prison.

Three times after I came to Libby, did Colonel Winder send an escort of soldiers to bring me back to Castle Thunder, but happily they allowed me to remain where I was, and here I staid for a long wretched month, sleeping near my boy’s bed, and nursing eight of our boys who came with us from Fitzhugh

Hospital. I dressed their wounds and watched and nursed them as carefully as I could, and I cannot but believe, that the care I was able to give them, saved their lives. They thought so at any rate, and often thanked me for it. The food they gave us was such as you have often heard described. The rice was filled with black worms, the soup the sickest boys were asked to take, covered with maggots, which they were obliged to skim off, before they could summon courage to swallow it. If you would make the contrast stronger, think of the treatment of wounded rebels within our lines, after Gettysburg—no comfort spared, no alleviation in the way of stimulant, food, or delicacy wanting to bring them back to health. I will spare you the details of the sufferings of the intense heat, made more dreadful by the vermin, which abounded every where; no imagination can picture our days and nights.

We were much astonished one day, by the entrance of the two officers, whose names are generally execrated by our prisoners, Major Turner and Captain Alexander. They announced, with some ceremony, that as the news had come that General Burnside had hung two of their officers as spies, the same fate awaited two Captains in the prison, Union officers, and that lots were to be drawn immediately. A sickening horror came over us. Permission was granted that any one the prisoners might select should draw the lots, and an old Chaplain, trembling with age and grief, was selected. We held our breaths while the box was placed in his hands, and the first paper he drew was read aloud, "Captain Sawyer." Captain Flinn's name followed, and then—I can scarcely tell you what followed, for no one in that room could hear unmoved, the fate of two of our own officers, and tears and deep silence followed. In a few moments I saw from the window, a band of troops lead out the two doomed officers, hand-cuffed and guarded. I could see no more, for no other idea was before me than that they were to be shot before our eyes. The sequel of the story I never knew until I reached home, for when I asked, as I often did, what had been done with our two Captains, the answer always was, that they were in Castle Thunder.

The long weeks stretched themselves into a month, when we were amazed by the ward-master's announcement, that any who "wished to go North, must go to-night." We scarcely could believe we heard aright. They really wanted room for the prisoners lately taken at Gettysburg, but we did not know that, and could not explain the order. "To go North!" you at home, can never realize what those three words meant to us. Home and rest, and peace, and plenty. Kind words, kind looks, kind deeds, and sympathizing hearts, all this, and even more seemed concentrated in those words.

"Oh, yes! if you can crawl, or if you can't, don't be left behind, boys! Go home! and the Lord Almighty will take care of you." So I said to one of our boys, so ill that the ward-master advised him not to risk his life by the journey, but stay behind. He risked it however, and when I last heard, had lived through the fatigue and was safe in an Annapolis hospital, under our own flag, little chance as there seemed. About midnight we were set free from the hated walls of Libby, a rebel officer, standing with a loaded pistol in hand, to order every prisoner who passed out to drop his tin-cup, blanket, and every article he had about him.

Twenty-four hours in the cars brought us almost to City Point, where we were to take the flag of truce boat New York, and as we drew near, I saw something red fluttering on the hill-top. I looked and looked again, high above us on the hill, was raised the *rebel rag*, but the wind of Heaven seemed to refuse to fill its folds, for it hung heavy and motionless, while far below fluttered and streamed upon our delighted and tearful eyes, our own old stars and stripes. It was one of those strange and impressive incidents that no one could fail to notice, and we all hailed it as a good omen; and then the blessed truth came upon me, there was our own old flag. "God be thanked, that I am once more in a free country! God bless the stars and stripes! the dear old flag! God keep it safe!" I scarcely knew what I said or did, my heart was so full. I was the first to see it, and after so many weeks, and weeks too, of such suffering, you can never know how my heart went out to

the old flag, so dear to us all. When the boys came to the boat, cheer after went up—how they shouted and waved their caps, when they felt that we were once more in the “land of the free and the home of the brave!”

I need only to say, that if any one wants to know how to love his country, to be true to her, never suffer a word or hint against her, from pretended friends or concealed enemies, let him spend, as I did, weeks in the famous Libby Prison, and his eyes will be opened to Southern institutions.

MRS. R. L——.

*Philadelphia.*

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## WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF AN EXPECTED BATTLE.

To-morrow! in its secret shade  
I little know what is for me;  
I may be with my father laid,  
Or wrecked on dire misfortune's sea.

Yet, far beyond life's boundary lives  
The everlasting army bright;  
And He alone who takes and gives,  
Can guide my wandering feet aright.

H. A. A., 12TH, N. Y.

U. S. A. HOSPITAL,

*Annapolis, Maryland.*

May 15th, 1864.

I WAS captured at the Battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, September 20, 1863, and marched from the battle-field to General Bragg's Headquarters, a distance of twenty-two miles, through a scorching sun, and not allowed one drop of water, although there was a good spring at Ringgold, where we stopped an hour and were given one small ear of corn for rations; then marched eight miles further, making a distance of thirty miles in nine hours!

After stopping one hour, we were compelled to move on, hungry and foot-sore, to Tunnel Hill, eight miles further, which we reached about midnight, where we found about two thousand of our prisoners. Here we remained until mid-day, on Tuesday, the 22d (I had been captured on Sunday, and kept on the field till Monday), when we were marched to Dalton, a distance of eight miles. Here I bought one dozen biscuit for ten dollars in Confederate money, which would have been twelve and a half cents at the North. We were marched through the town here, for a show, and then turned into a field to rest as best we might. I divided my biscuits with four of my companions,—the only food we had tasted, save one ear of raw corn, since Sunday morning, when we were taken. The next morning, we were piled into cattle cars, and sent to Atlanta, Georgia; here again, we were paraded through the streets as a show, and placed afterwards in a pen not unlike those at slaughter-houses for keeping cattle. We were marched in singly, each man having blanket, knife, money, and everything of any value, taken from him. We staid in the pen one night, and here had twenty-four army crackers and one pound of sour bacon given us, to last five days.

Once more the morning found us packed in the cars, and off for that modern hell, (excuse the expression!), Richmond.



Arrived there, or rather at Belle Island, opposite the city, on the 29th. We were afterwards transferred to the city, and confined in one of the tobacco warehouses, the condition of which I could hardly describe; here we remained until December 9th, when we were sent to Danville, Virginia, one hundred and fifty miles from Richmond.

Our sufferings here were intense, from actual hunger. I have eaten mule and dog meat gladly, and have seen rats caught and devoured as eagerly as a hungry man would devour a nice roast of beef; and have also seen bones taken out of the spittoons, where they were completely submerged in filth, wiped off, put into cups, boiled, and the soup eagerly drank. Never, I think, since the war began, were prisoners treated as those have been in 1863 and 1864. One word as to the deaths and burials there. After death, the body is stripped of all clothing, carried to the dead-house, left upon a stretcher with nothing to protect it from the rats or cats, as the doors always stand open. I have seen a corpse so badly eaten in one night by rats that you could not distinguish one feature. I have also seen men taken to the dead-house before they were dead,—taken there in the evening, and found in the morning turned over on their face and the heart still throbbing. A case of this kind occurred in Danville, last winter. On a cold stormy night, one poor fellow was carried out for dead, stripped naked, left upon a stretcher, no covering save a sheet; the next morning, one of our men, in passing, noticed that he had turned over, and, upon examination, found him *still alive*, but so far gone that he knew nothing; he had frozen to death,—his feet and hands were tied; he had raised his hands to his mouth, for the purpose apparently of untying them, but was too weak to do it, and in this condition the poor fellow passed that long cold night, in company with eight of his companions wrapped in the cold embrace of death. He has gone, I trust, to a happier home, where, at the final Judgment Day, he will meet his murderers face to face; and oh! what a day of reckoning will there be for those who have tried to destroy the best Government the sun ever shone upon. They

will then find that an All-seeing Eye has watched their evil deeds and cruelties, and will most surely punish them.

The long-looked for day at last arrived, when we were to be liberated; and we were ordered, on the 21st day of April, to hold ourselves in readiness for removal to Richmond, preparatory to exchange. We were detained at Richmond till the 29th, when we were paroled, and next day sent to City Point for exchange. Pen cannot describe my feelings. The sight of the dear Old Flag, and the thoughts of Liberty, brought tears to more than one eye. The boys could be seen standing in groups, grasping each other's hands, but with hearts too full for utterance,—the big tears stealing down their pale and haggard cheeks.

We were transferred from the rebel flag-of-truce boat to our own, where we were well cared for. Arrived at Annapolis May 2d, and were placed in the hospital here, where we have the best care,—good food, good beds, and, thanks to the ladies, (God bless them), the best nursing and comfortable clothing.

WILLIAM W. WILCOX,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

## MY FIRST SABBATH IN CAMP.

DURING a period of nearly forty years wherein I have traveled much, I have had many opportunities of witnessing how this Holy day is spent in various countries. I have been greatly interested in the devout, and almost universal attention paid to it in very many of the cities and towns of our own States; I have been struck with the deep and peculiar solemnity of this day in the modern Babylon "London," the more striking perhaps to a stranger, from its ceaseless bustle and confusion during the continuous twenty-four hours of the other six days of the week. I have experienced the soothing influence of the "Sabbath's holy hour" in many of the rural districts of this, as well as the Mother Country, and with feelings of gratitude to Him so appointed this "day of rest." I have listened, on my walk to the Village Church, to "the music of its bell, o'er the peaceful valley stealing." But I do not remember that I have ever been more intensely pleased on this day, than I was on the first Sabbath which I passed in camp. 'Tis there that the solemn peals of the organ—the well-appointed choir—and the other concomitants of Divine service, to which we had hitherto been accustomed, were wanting, but instead thereof, we had the soul-stirring sympathy of Christian *Soldiers*, (hitherto strangers to each other,) met together for prayer and supplication to the Throne of Grace, under most unusual and exciting circumstances, all animated by fervent hope and humble trust in the Omnipotent arm of "*The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.*" I shall never forget the scene. Indeed, before our services commenced some minutes passed in unbroken silence, as if every member of that small congregation were struggling with his feelings upon an occasion so difficult for us thoroughly to appreciate. Here were we, in a hostile and rebellious section of our distracted country; surrounded by all the "*pomp and circumstance*" of war, just entering on a deadly struggle, in company with many

thousands of others of our fellow citizens, who had voluntarily left their peaceful occupations, their temporal prospects, and the many comforts of "Home, sweet Home" in the loyal and honorable endeavor to reëstablish peace, and secure to our posterity the blessings which we, and our forefathers have enjoyed under our National Banner; here were we, so circumstanced, uniting in singing praises and thanksgiving to the great Architect of the Universe for past blessings, and invoking his Almighty aid to succor us in this our nation's time of trial. More than an hour was thus passed, and still we staid, unwilling to break the peaceful quiet of our happy meeting; and feeling that we were enjoying the fulfillment of His promise, who said, "where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst."

Doubtless hundreds besides ourselves, can bear testimony to the efficacy of meetings similar to this, my "First Sabbath in camp." Since that meeting however, many of my comrades have been hurried to their last account, by this fearful, decimating, fratricidal war; but we believe that humanly speaking, they were prepared to meet even the *last* great enemy Death, cheered too by the knowledge that they were fighting in a just and holy cause, and that the future could, with humble submission, be left in the hand of Him who has faithfully promised to be a "Father to the fatherless, and to maintain the cause of the widow."

WARD I.

## ON AN OLD BATTLE FIELD.

No foe is near, and once again  
We have possession of the plain,  
Whereon a thousand patriots fell,  
Beneath the storm of shot and shell.

Wide-spreading fields of yellow corn  
Concealed our wary scouts that warn,  
While on the hill, and on the glade  
The rebel force were arrayed.

The morning smiled—its face was fair,  
But there was murder in the air.  
The maples flamed in crimson hue,  
And soon the earth was crimson too ;  
The dreary lands and shattered wood,  
Your greedy sands now gorged with blood !

We watched the slow-descending sun,  
We hailed the near approach of even,  
For then the dying could look up  
And see the pitying eyes of Heaven.

John was our brave young leader there—  
The best of friends, and best of men—  
Oft, when I writhed in sharpest pain,  
His smile would make me smile again.

We prayed together ere the fight—  
We fought together side by side—  
A shell exploded on my right,  
And, in the day's dim waning light,  
I saw him fall. Oh, God ! he cried—  
I knelt and prayed alone that night.

The fields are full of shallow graves,  
That look like roughly-rounded waves,  
Upon a sea half hushed with dread  
Because it half respects its dead.

The soil is rebel soil, you know,  
And does not choose to shield a foe,  
So from the graves without the wood,  
Behold the fleshless hands protrude.

Arbutus blossoms climb and dare  
To bloom in hands so bleached and fair,  
And God's own birds frequent the graves  
To eulogize the sleeping brave.

J. L——, WARD E.

## A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

'Twas a clear morning in September, 1863, when the sun rose and shed his golden light over the bloody field of Chickamauga, when a small body of soldiers lay on the piazza of a house near Lookout Mountain. This small party had been sent there to recover from the effects of the hard march and extreme excitement and fatigue of the few days that had just expired.

I had been suffering from chills and fever for a few days and was just preparing to take a little rest, when I saw that we were surrounded by guerillas, or men equally as atrocious. They proved to be a detachment of the 7th Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Malone. I think there was nearly a company of the blood-thirsty wretches. After we had surrendered, (which we were forced to do, as there were only eight of us,) they commenced their fiendish taunts and insults, which seemed to amuse them very much.

They ordered us to prepare for a long march, and consequently we were obliged to try to travel on foot, and when we had gone about four miles, nearly all of the eight prisoners had fallen from exhaustion and were unable to travel.

The rebels held a mock caucus and concluded they would divide the prisoners and take them by different routes to Rome. Surgeons Hosack and Roswell Rothrock, who had charge of the sick, were also taken prisoners with us, until the caucus took place, when they were singled out for victims of the infernal cruelty of our captors. The rebels took them and all the rest of us, with the exception of three, on a different route, as they told us, and from what the rebels said they were to be hanged.

I much fear that the rebels did shoot or hang them, as I never heard from them after we separated.

They crowded two other soldiers, from my own regiment, with about sixty others into an old rickety box car and started

us for Richmond, a distance of about nine hundred miles, but this was not done until after we had been taken to General Bragg's headquarters, who ordered us to be sent to the rebel capitol.

I saw hundreds at Atlanta and Augusta, who were suffering all the horrors of starvation. One of our officers, (a Major, I think,) attracted my attention; he was sick with a fever and lay in a building at Atlanta, with a cold chain around his ankle, while on the other end of the chain was an eighty pound ball.

We saw nothing but horrors at every station, until we arrived at the modern Golgotha,—Richmond! Here we were driven into Libby Prison like so many cattle, many of us were barefoot and hatless, while others were stripped nearly naked by the piratical pilferers that had beset us for the five hundredth time. The horrible cruelties that were practiced upon me and upon the others can never be told until the Book is opened at "the great and dreadful Day of the Lord." 'Tis truly heart-sickening to remember, and when I try to forget that I was chained and lingering in the horrors of starvation, my own ruined health tells me it is not all a dream!

I cannot determine how beings having the image of *man* can be so cruel and lost to all sense of humanity, as Southern traitors are. It is a long-cherished hate that actuates them, which amounts almost to monomania, and inspires them to abhor freedom and liberal institutions.

I arrived at Annapolis Naval Hospital, October 29th, with about one hundred and eighty others, in a most wretched condition. Nine died on the flag-of-truce boat New York, and if I am accurately informed, more than half of the one hundred and eighty are now sleeping their long, last sleep beneath the soil of Maryland.

A few days ago the steamer New York arrived with several hundred paroled living skeletons, and a great many of them will soon die, in spite of the untiring labors of Surgeons Vanderkrift, Ely, and many others, who are always at their posts in the hospital. The volunteer nurses from Maine and other States have nobly fulfilled woman's mission in ministering to

the wants of the dying soldiers. May all connected with the Christian and Sanitary Commissions, live long after this war is over in the full enjoyment of the benefits of this great Republic of Liberty! America is but yet in her infancy. The soldiers of the Union army are not yet discouraged, and are firmly resolved to be free; we love our own dear land, the birth-place and cradle of liberty; we cannot for one moment think, that our own dear land of beauty will ever be named in the catalogue of fallen countries, like Italy, Mexico, Greece, and Poland. We shall yet have a peaceful home in the United States of America!

A. C. G. SLOCUM,

Company C. 78th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

ANNAPOLIS, May 4th, 1864.

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## A SERGEANT OF MASS. VOLUNTEERS.

IN passing through Ward ——, my attention was arrested by the looks of agony of a noble soldier, whose head was wounded by a bursting shell, fracturing the skull. The injury was attended by the most violent constitutional disturbance: no rest came to him,—food was loathed; and one of Death's surest and swiftest messengers seemed only waiting to bear him away.

At his bedside, I very often found myself, drawn by a sympathy not to be restrained.

In the short intervals of his paroxysms of pain, he often spoke of a number of the occupants of the same ward, who seemed to be making 'great ado about very slight wounds, and who were ready with complaints of vague pains, and of various indefinable ills, when their surgeon was present, but who seemed to forget them all upon his leaving. The Sergeant was very much annoyed by their noise over their cards,—their



rough talking and laughing. Once, motioning me close to him,—for he was much prostrated,—and with a voice very low and faint, while a bright light rose to his eye, he said with earnestness, “I wish I were a doctor! I began to study for one once,”—and a half smile played around his lips, as he whispered,—“My preceptor made me tend the door, and that didn’t suit,—that’s why I ain’t a doctor;” then resting for a moment, he added vehemently, his expression changing to apparent severity, pointing to a euchre-playing group, near him, “I’d send those knaves to their regiments,—they’re shanming!” He could not understand that their hearts were less stout than his own, and he could not appreciate so small troubles as weighed them down.

As weeks passed, he gradually convalesced; his voice grew louder, and he told me much of his life, and more of his battle experiences,—for his regiment had often struck the foe,—with the most consummate drollery. Indeed, his style was strangely original in its earnestness and humor, and, as I soon learned to consider it, altogether inimitable.

“I guess I’ve been a wild colt,” he said, finishing an account of some pranks he had played when he was with the old doctor, his former preceptor,—and I found this very easy to believe. Then, with deepest feeling, he spoke of the fall of several of his comrades, in a charge on a rebel battery, at Antietam, where he, too, received his wound. “Oh, I wish I could forget that I forced two of them back to the ranks, when they were carrying a dying comrade to the rear; but I guess I was right. They both fell in a few seconds; one fell gasping on my breast, with arm and shoulder carried away. I brushed him aside; my God! how his eyes followed me! Rushing again forward, I was struck, only to fall with my face close to that of the other,—his vitals torn by the same shell from which I was bleeding. He looked a long look at me; his lips moved; but he could not speak; and he was dead!” As he told me this, so much more forcibly than my poor pen can write it, I seemed to read in his face what a fearful responsibility rests on the soul of one, who, conscious that he has destroyed the life

of a fellow-man, examines his heart for the ultimate motive; and, surely, happy is he who in such moments, when the soul lies all tremblingly naked, finds devotion to duty, and not pride, passion, or ambition.

Soon after, an indiscretion induced a relapse, and, as death again seemed near him, the Chaplain was sent for; and as he seated himself beside his bed, and asked him of his preparation for eternity, he answered, "I'm a Catholic, sir!" After adding a kind word, the Chaplain passed on. But no priest was called, and I soon mentioned the subject to him, when with a quaint look, peculiarly his own, he answered, "I'm not a Catholic, and I ain't going to die just yet. I haven't time to entertain him just now." \* \* In a few days he began to recover rapidly, and soon he talked of rejoining his regiment. His surgeon steadily refused his daily requests,—fearing evil results from exposure; but at last, one evening, he found my room to tell me that it was all right now,—he would go to Boston to see a dear one of whom he had spoken, when he feared that his hold on the world might be loosening, and then he should go to his regiment. He seemed in great haste. "I can't learn to be a hospital loafer," he said, and was gone in a moment. A few days afterwards, I learned that, having procured a pass to town, he had gone outside the lines; had been in Boston, and was again with his regiment. This much I learned; but whether he now lives, or whether he is a sacrifice to the promptings of one of the bravest and most fiery spirits that ever breathed, I know not.

C. H. T.

## THE WAR.

BY GARRETT B. CULIN,

*One hundred and eleventh Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers.*

“GLORIOUS news! The rebels routed!”

Cry the newsboys through the street,  
And the hearts that lately doubted  
With a thrill of gladness beat.

“Twice five thousand captives taken  
At the closing of the fight;  
Killed and wounded all forsaken  
By the vanquished in their flight.”

Guns are flashing salutations  
To huzzas that loudly swell,  
And the atmosphere's vibrations  
Give expression to each bell.  
Thanks from many a Christian altar,  
Are sent up to Him on High;  
But the thinking mind will falter  
To endorse the wicked lie.

For *He* rules with love and kindness,  
Flowing in a ceaseless flood!  
Man's ambition, hate, and blindness,  
Answers for these scenes of blood.  
Not a single missile, flying,  
Is directed by *His* will!  
He selected not the dying,  
Aided none to maim or kill.

Ponder, how our blest Redeemer  
Counselled ever love and peace,  
And your sinful prayers, blasphemer,  
Will in shame and sorrow cease.  
If you have a meed to offer,  
Give it where 'tis justly due;  
To the men who nobly proffer  
Life and ease, for home and you.

Friend meets friend with smiles of gladness,  
Proffered hand and words of cheer;  
Not a sign of grief or sadness  
In the crowded streets appear.

Music on the air is streaming,  
Countless banners fan the skies ;  
Oh ! awake from this fair dreaming,  
*This is war in deep disguise.*

Come with me to yon lone dwelling,  
Where the willow droops its head,  
And your song of triumph, swelling,  
Will give place to tears instead.  
For, upon the chance of battle,  
Here is one who staked her all ;  
Gave the son she taught to prattle—  
Gave him at his country's call.

Mark that mother's visage solemn,  
Compressed lips and glances wild,  
Tracing down the printed column,  
Thinking only of her child.  
When the list is almost ended  
Comes a moan of deep despair.  
For the hope that she had blended  
With her fear is shattered there.

Soothe that sadly stricken mother,  
Gently take her by the hand ;  
Be a friend, she has no other  
This side of the spirit land.  
Pour the oil of kindness often  
On her lacerated heart ;  
Speak in language that can soften  
And assuage her pain, in part.

Down this lane there is another,  
To whose grief we may not go ;  
Dearer once than sister, mother,  
Wrestling with her speechless woe.  
He, whose presence e'er delighted—  
He, the comely and the brave—  
He, to whom her troth was plighted,  
Fills a soldier's shallow grave.

Stop a while. A child is pleading,  
With a modest eye and tongue ;  
Can it be that war is breeding  
Sorrow in a breast so young ?  
Hark ! he speaks : " Give me a penny  
Just to help me buy some bread,  
For at home we haven't any,  
Mother's sick and father's dead.

“ Two long years ago to-morrow,  
He departed for the fray,  
Leaving us to pine in sorrow  
As he tore himself away.  
Once, when mother, feeling better,  
By the lintel took her stand,  
Came the postman with a letter  
Written in a stranger hand.

“ Eagerly she seized it. Reading  
With a tearless stony glare,  
But I knew her heart was bleeding—  
Breaking in her bosom there ;  
Not a friend (we ne’er had many)  
Comes to comfort her or bless ;  
Please to give me, sir, a penny,  
For I’m poor and fatherless.”

Turn we to the field of slaughter,  
Where the battle’s fury burst ;  
Hear the wounded shriek for water  
To relieve their burning thirst.  
See, beneath the star-bespangled  
Dome of heaven, thickly lie  
Youth and manhood, torn and mangled,  
Praying earnestly to die.

From the lips of wives and mothers  
Naught ascends but funeral hymns ;  
Round us, husbands, sons, and brothers  
Toil along with shattered limbs.  
Ruined lands and smoking village,  
Pleading forms that vainly ask  
Foemen not to burn or pillage—  
*This is war without its mask.*

Know ye how to end this anguish  
Of our mothers, sisters, wives ?  
Free the prisoners who languish  
Loaded down with rebel gyves ?  
Grasp with stern determination  
Every man a soldier’s blade,  
And the flood of desolation  
By one effort will be stayed.

U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL, DIV. No. 2.

*Annapolis*, May 16th, 1864.

DEAR SIR :

I have been requested to give some account of what came under my own observation concerning the treatment of our brave boys by the enemy while they were in captivity. I arrived here from Gettysburg last July, and what I have seen since of the poor, starved, emaciated paroled prisoners has been truly appalling.

Sometime in last September, I became able to leave my bed, and one of the first places I visited was a ward where two of these men were. One of them was a Sergeant in a New York Battery, and during the month of July he had been sent on a reconnoissance with a section of his battery, and while engaged with the enemy he was led into an ambuscade, and, contrary to all the usages of civilized warfare, he was shot through the right hand and left breast, without even a demand for his surrender; when the man who shot him fired, he was not more than ten yards off. For a few moments, the Sergeant thought his last hour had come, but finally he succeeded in crawling into the woods, and soon after the rebels came along and picked him up and carried him to an old shanty, which was used as an hospital. He was laid upon a bunch of straw, and a day or two after a man came in, and, looking around the hospital, saw the Sergeant, and coming up to him said, "Oh! you miserable Yankee. It was I who shot you; I aimed for your heart; I meant to kill you, and I'm sorry that I failed." Such language to a man almost dead was anything but human.

Soon after, he was removed to Richmond; and the accounts he gave of the barbarities of Libby Prison were of such a character as to corroborate fully all previous accounts we have heard. He finally recovered so far as to be able to accept a command in the 1st North Carolina Union Volunteers, and is

now serving in one of the forts on the Carolina coast. His name is Abraham Hamlin.

Another case is that of a loyal Kentuckian, who was taken in a fight near his own home. When taken prisoner he was unhurt, but by forced marches he was taken to Richmond, and had been there but a little while, when one day, while looking out between the grating of his window, the guard levelled his musket and fired at him; the ball entered his right arm a little above the elbow. The rebel surgeons performed what they called an amputation, but it could scarcely be called that, as it looked as though it had been bitten off by some wild animal. That man was kept in Richmond until to all human appearances, it was certain that he would die, and then he was paroled and sent to our lines, as they supposed to die. For weeks and months he lay at the point of death, but by reason of a good vigorous constitution, he rallied and so far recovered as to be able to return to his home in Kentucky. When the guard fired all he was doing was simply standing at the window, in order to get fresh air. He was not even saying a word. All his crime was that he was a loyal Kentuckian, true to the Union. His name was Milton Walton.

Another case I must mention was that of a Tennessean, who was taken prisoner in East Tennessee, in 1861. He was trying with some of his neighbors to get through to the Union lines, to join our army. After he was captured, he was taken to Knoxville, and placed in an iron cage and exhibited to the inhabitants as a specimen of a Tennessee Yankee. Remember that this man was a minister of the Gospel; and because he could not countenance rebellion, and was seeking to leave the country, he was moved from one prison to another, until he had been in the prison at Atlanta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Castle Thunder, Libby Prison, and Belle Island. He was offered his freedom, if he would take the oath, but he steadily refused, and finally, in November, 1863, he was paroled and sent North. This was the Rev. Mr. Darling.

But the barbarities inflicted upon our men during the last winter have exceeded anything which I had supposed it pos-

sible for a people that pretended to call themselves civilized could practice. Were not the evidences so overwhelming, I could not believe it. Our men have been crowded upon that dreadful island in James River, without shelter, and, during the coldest weather, without fire, and with scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together. They have been so reduced by hunger, that they have caught the mice and rats, killed and devoured them, and they have eaten what you would scarcely think of giving to the swine.

It was impossible for them to keep the lice from almost eating them alive. The men would die at the rate of twenty and thirty a day, and their bodies would lie out until the hogs would devour their remains; and when our men would beg the privilege of burying their friends, they would be driven away with insult.

In the prisons and hospitals, the sights and scenes were as terrible and fearful as those upon the island. Men would be left upon the island until they could not possibly recover, and then they would be brought into the warm apartments of the hospital, when they would drop down and die by the score.

To corroborate these statements, it is only necessary to go through the wards of this hospital, and see, not to say converse, with the poor emaciated specimens of what were once strong vigorous men. With the care and attention bestowed here, they died at the rate of three or four a day; and if they recover, (those who do partially recover), they will never be able to do any good service again.

I could relate many more of the barbarities perpetrated upon our men, but my heart sickens at the recital; and I will conclude by saying that one of the strongest hopes I have of our ultimate success in this war, is the fact that there is a just God in heaven, and He will not permit the people who support an unjust cause by such means to succeed.

I am very respectfully yours,

(Signed)

ENOCH K. MILLER.



We, the undersigned, testify that the statements made by Mr. Miller, in the foregoing article, are not exaggerated, as we, by our own experience, can testify.

(Signed) E. N. DARRY, Co. B, 45th Ohio.  
THOMAS BARNETT, Co. D, 126th New York.  
JACOB FERNLASS, Co. C, 100th Ohio.  
MAILON HEACOCK, Co. G, 58th Indiana.  
THOMAS J. SMITH, Co. A, 7th Michigan Cav.  
GEORGE A. STRAKS, Co. A, 7th Connecticut.  
WILLIAM SEATON, Co. A, 27th Michigan.

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### WILLIAM BRADFORD'S STATEMENT.

The Third Battalion of the 16th Illinois Cavalry were located in Powell's Valley, West Virginia, during the month of December, 1863, for the purpose of guarding forage trains, which supplied Cumberland Gap, from the guerillas who infested the neighboring range of mountains, and who were sure to pounce upon any straggling teams, and gobble them *sans ceremonie*. We seldom camped more than a few days in any one place, moving from six to forty miles from the Gap, as the trains required our protection. There was a regiment of rebel cavalry in the neighborhood, but we never could come in contact with them, except by accident; they always gave us a wide berth. Once we suddenly came on 150 or 200 of their number, when we had a most exciting chase over break-neck roads for seven miles. As soon as they saw us, "*sauve qui peut*" was the order of march, and to expedite their escape, they threw away every thing that would cumber them. The road, for two or three miles was dotted with rifles, sabres, blankets, &c. We took thirty or forty prisoners, and gathered more than one hundred guns.

On the 1st of January, 1864, we moved to Jonesboro', thirty-six miles from Cumberland Gap, we were reinforced by part of two companies of the Second Battalion, and a rifled six-pounder cannon, and two mountain howitzers. Our whole force was 350 or 360 men, all told. Longstreet's forces were at Morristown; and we knew, or ought to have known that part of his corps was not more than twenty or twenty-five miles from us. Early on the morning of the 3d of January, we were attacked by an entire brigade, which had marched all night, and surprised us shortly after daybreak. Our company (L) was three-quarters of a mile from the main body, which was in the village, and midway between them, in a very unsafe position, were the cannon. Though completely surprised we flew to our arms, and sheltering ourselves behind houses and what few trees there were, endeavored to stay their charge on the guns. We guarded well one of the roads, for not a man passed that way, and they recoiled from our well-aimed and steady fire. They diverged to the right through our camp, and by another road charged for the hill; our resistance, however, gave time for the main body of our men in Jonesboro' to come to our rescue. The rebels gained possession of the cannon, but only for an instant. They were retaken, and held until surrendered. It was folly for fifty or sixty of us to fight a whole brigade, but when attacked we supposed it was some of our old enemies, whom we despised, and thought it would be but half an hour's work to beat them back, when we would take our breakfast in peace. About half of our company escaped to the hill, the rest of us, including the captain and one lieutenant were taken prisoners half an hour after the fight began. Lieutenant Osgood, as brave and true-hearted a patriot as ever drew sword, was killed. He would not surrender, but continued to fire as fast as he could load his rifle. No man was more beloved or regretted than him.

The rest of the battalion formed on a hill and fought the whole rebel brigade, some 1600 or 2000 men commanded by General Wm. Jones, until 4 o'clock P. M., when their ammunition giving out, (nothing but pistol cartridges being left,)

they were forced to surrender. After our capitulation our men were robbed of their overcoats, blankets, and what they had in their pockets.

The next day we were started on our way to Bristol, Tennessee, the nearest railroad station, but eighty or ninety miles distant. Six days marching brought us to this place; it was bitterly cold most of the time, and many of us suffered very much, having neither coat or blanket, and in many cases neither boots or shoes. We were as well used by our guards as circumstances permitted; our rations were short, but so were theirs. As enemies, we had much to thank them for, as they did what they could to make the march as easy as possible.

At Bristol we were packed in box cars and sent to Richmond, where we arrived in due time, and after being searched for money or valuables, were transferred to that Pandemonium of misery, Belle Island, where on a stretch of sand, under a hill, containing four or five acres, were huddled from 9,000 to 10,000 men. For five weeks we were kept without a shelter, lying in holes dug in the sand, or in the ditches to protect ourselves from the piercing north, and north-west winds, which swept down the river. During this time we were fed on corn bread, so called, which looked as if cob and corn had been ground together. It was baked in a hurry, and as it was three or four inches thick the inside was perfectly raw, whilst the outside was burned. Of this compound, sometimes musty, sometimes hard as a stone, each man received twice a day, a piece three inches square. About half a pint of rice soup was served to us once a day, during the first weeks of imprisonment. This was the manner in which the soup was made. First, the rice was steamed; then a burly negro ladled out from one to two quarts of rice into a pail, which he then filled up with boiling water. This mixture, in which maggots were found, was an allowance for twenty men. Dry beans, worm eaten, black, and unwholesome were often given as a substitute. Meat was also nominally issued, but during the whole term of imprisonment of the writer he received but one half a pound.

The hour of nine A. M. was appointed for sick call, when one could see, every day, from 100 to 200 hundred miserable beings tottering to the doctors, of which number 70 or 80 would be sent to the hospital, and still there was no diminution in the daily attendance. Oh, it was heart-sickening! Language cannot describe the scene; poor creatures, ragged, filthy, and mere skeletons, seeking relief and finding none save in the grave.

The writer, when almost reduced to starvation was fortunate enough to be sent to one of the Richmond hospitals. In these hospitals, there were cots with straw-ticks, but as usual swarming with vermin, and horribly filthy. The food was more strengthening, but very small in quantity, and barely sufficient to sustain life.

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On the 20th of March, the writer was among the number of paroled men, who were to be sent to the Union lines by the next flag-of-truce boat. We arrived beneath the shelter of the Stars and Stripes on the 21st of March. Cheer upon cheer greeted the old flag as we came in sight of it, and joy unutterable filled each trembling, grateful heart, as that emblem of freedom and justice announced our sufferings to be over. On the 23d we arrived at Annapolis, and 150 of the number were immediately sent to the hospitals, though we were not considered among the sick by the rebels. Many of our number are disabled for field service evermore, while months of care will be needed for us to recover from the effects of the treatment received while prisoners in the hands of the rebels.

## THOUGHT.

[*The following lines were received from Annapolis, with the statement, that they were taken from the pocket of a patient who died at Division Hospital, No. 2. The man had been a prisoner at Richmond, and came to the Hospital in a dying condition.*]

'Tis mid-night ; and I'm seated  
In my quarters all alone ;  
But my thoughts are very busy  
Thinking, how the years have flown,  
Since I left my native village,  
Hid amidst New England's hills,  
Where the river ran so madly  
When 'twas fed by mountain rills.  
Where the sturdy cedars, clinging  
To the rugged mountains face,  
Shake their heads before the tempest  
Trembling, quivering to the base,  
Yet scornful to surrender  
Their footholds in the rock,  
Springing back into position,  
And its wildest fury mock.

I am thinking of the loved one,  
Who sported with me there ;  
And that gentle, gentle mother,  
Who soothed my every care.  
I'm thinking of the church-yard,  
And the deep-toned, tolling bell,  
Of the graves, beneath the locusts,  
Where the lingering sunbeams fell.

I'm thinking, busy thinking,  
Of childhood's happy days ;  
Of my mother, sister, brother,  
Who joined me in my plays,  
I'm thinking I shall meet them  
When the storms of life are past,  
In that land of light and glory,  
I shall meet them all at last.

COMPOSED BY SYLVANUS J. KENNISON,  
Private, Co. I, 9th Reg., N. H. Vols

## DIED OF HIS WOUNDS.

George Dash, private, company D, —th N. Y., had his left arm torn off close up to the shoulder joint by a round shot at the battle of Chancellorsville.

The head of the bone was removed, cold water dressings were applied, and the usual treatment for stumps carried out.

On admittance into the hospital the surgeon's examination of his patient read thus: present appearance of the man bad, the stump is sloughing with phagadœna, so much so, that the flap does not cover the part, and the adjacent tissues are very unhealthy. On the back are two bed sores each the size of a silver dollar, lips pale, tongue brownish red and dry, no appetite, pulse 102, height 6 feet, weight 154 lbs, measurement around the chest 36 inches. *R. Tinct. Ferrichlor. xxxgtt; Quin. Sulph. gr. iij.* three times a day. To have beef essence as much as possible, one pint of porter a day, poultices applied to the wound, composed of *Lini pulv. Carbon pulv. yeast q. s.*

July —th. The patient is better, Pulse 92. Tongue moist and clean. Relishes his food. Sleeps well. Ligatures all away. The slough has separated and granulations are beginning to spring up. The wound looks healthy every where but just around the vessels; there the tissues are flabby and dark colored. Continue to take iron and quinine. To have beef-steak, boiled eggs, beef essence, and two pints of porter a day.

We will narrate how the patient did from this time. At midnight that same day George Dash began to bleed from his torn and mangled stump. The officer of the day arrested the bleeding temporarily by the application of a styptic; but at seven in the morning the vessel recommenced bleeding, and as it was impossible to tie the artery in the wound, owing to the diseased state of the part, it was advised to make an incision higher up and fasten the vessel there.

This was accordingly performed, and the man, perfectly conscious through all the pain of the operation, expressed him-

self as pleased at the protection he thus gained from future accidents.

He had lost a good deal of blood in the two hemorrhages and was much exhausted; and his colorless lips, white face, upon which great beads of perspiration kept starting out, and sighing respiration, showed how near to "the valley of the shadow of death" he had been. Perfect quiet was enjoined, and for six days all went well; but on the seventh, as his face was being washed jets of bright scarlet blood shot out from the spot where the artery had been last tied, and the hemorrhage was only stopped by pressing of the finger hard upon the bleeding vessel.

Now, what was to be done to save a fellow being's life?

In consultation it was decided that science could do nothing more than aid nature just a little; and that little depended upon the skill and courage of fourteen Cadets, who were ordered to relieve each other night and day in pressing upon the open vessel, until a clot should be formed of sufficient density to arrest the passage of the blood. Here was a veteran who had fought in seven battles and had risked his life dozens of times in the excitement of action. Now he was more helpless than a puny babe; for a misapplication of the finger on the proper spot—a slip of the artery under the pressure—and in two minutes he would be dead!

This was a fate more horrible than that of Damocles, and the man in the perfect possession of all his senses, knew it, and I believe experienced all the uncertainty of his living from hour to hour. Every thirty minutes the watcher was relieved from his cramped and stiffening position, one of the two fingers was slowly removed from the orifice to be replaced by a finger of his comrades, and when he was sure of its proper situation the other followed.

There never was, and I doubt very much if there ever will be, fourteen human beings who think precisely alike, much less fourteen who would, if it were possible, act in perfect unison. Aside from this, it was an extremely difficult matter to find the exact spot to place the finger upon; the wound was but

three inches long, and fully two and a half deep, the edges were surrounded with dead flesh and the exudation of a sanious discharge—half blood and half matter—rendered it very hard to detect, by the sense of touch, what was all important to discover.

In forty-eight hours bleeding took place again; the wall at the head of the patient's pallet was spattered with blood, and the sheets and pillow were sopping wet with the tide of life. From this he rallied and bade fair to recover, if the bleeding could only be stayed for the future. At midnight it was again my turn, and at this time the man was extremely weak—so weak that he did not wince or show any sensibility when I placed my finger in the wound. Still he was all alive to his fearful position, and his eyes spoke volumes of helplessness and appealing pity. In that long ward, with its quadruple row of beds, the quiet stillness of the night was only broken by a few smothered groans from men in deep suffering from their many wounds; and the restless tossings proved that the drowsy god would not mitigate the pain by sleep. Here and there some ghostly figure, clad in white, staggered from his bed to moisten his parched tongue with a little water. Only three out of the whole number kept watch and ward; and they were a trio as unlike and as different as possible, instigated in their watchfulness by very different motives.

The patient, with his face as colorless as Parian marble, was lying still as death, with eye-lids partially open, and the balls, through weakness, turned up. What were his thoughts then? He had told me, in whispered tones and with a look of pathetic earnestness, that "the next time he bled he should die"—and so he would, undoubtedly. Did he then dream of home with its thousand charms, its tender memories, and the anxious friends waiting for some word of his well-doing? Or did he, in the awful agony, suspense, and uncertainty of *his* life, try to solve the mysterious hereafter, and prepare himself for the grand climax?

The student, with a man's life under his finger, true to his scientific teachings, thought of little but what he was engaged in. Accustomed to appalling scenes, this one had no terror



for him, and his musings were on the inefficiency of surgical skill to save life. Pish—this life! what signifies this life? It's only an atom in eternity—a breath gone as quickly as it has been exhaled, and soon lost in the immensity of space. This life! of what avail are its few years of many sorrows, and of no substance but that small portion of it we give to God and to our own soul? This life! what is it?

The patient did well through the night, but at six in the morning, as I again presented myself for duty, the crimson blood was welling and gushing up out of the wound over the hand and up the arm of the cadet, dying with sanguineous hue. the face and clothes of the helpless man, and dripping in little puddles on the floor. A handkerchief hastily snatched and crammed into the orifice was all that could be done; but too late to save poor Dash from going where hundreds of men go who die of their wounds.

E. S.

## THE MASSACRE AT FALLS CHURCH.

The brigade of the late General Edward Baker, was camped for some weeks in August and September, 1861, at Fort Marcy, Fairfax county, Virginia, one of the numerous forts which now environ the city of Washington with a wall of impassable fire.

The picket lines of the rebels were not half a mile from our own, and in the tranquil evenings of summer, the music of their dress parades was often heard from our outposts. This close proximity frequently led to sanguinary encounters, provoked as much by accident, perhaps, as by design, but usually productive of unimportant results.

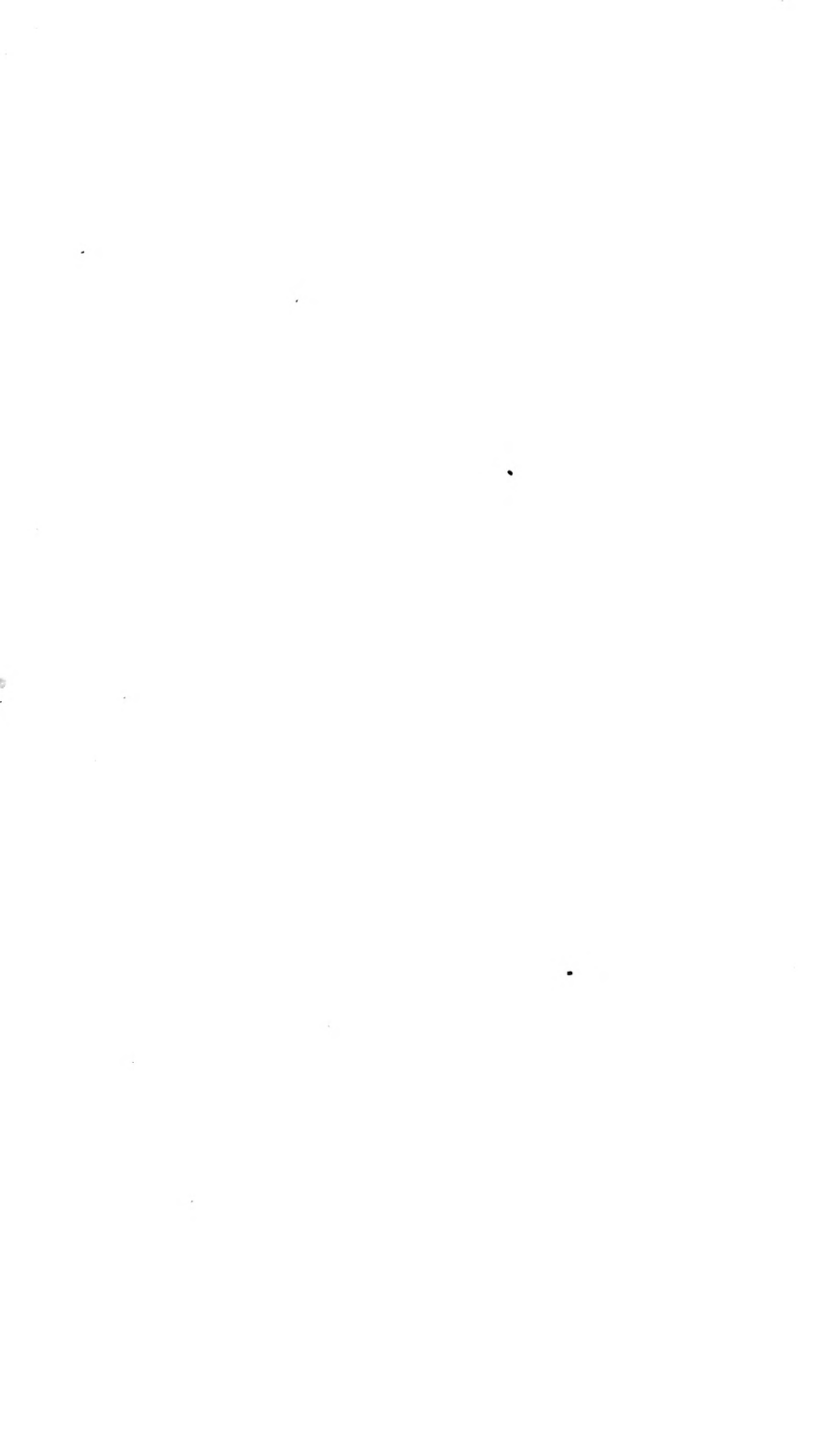
As the Fall advanced, it was ascertained that the rebels had retired from our front. Orders accordingly reached us to follow them up and determine their position. With this intent we "fell in" for a night-march, at 8 o'clock, P. M., on the 28th, of September, a dark and cloudy night. The hilly and tortuous road, like most of those in upland Virginia, led at frequent intervals, through dense and shadowy wood, and before we had progressed three miles, innumerable trees felled across the road brought our column to a halt, until a regiment of pioneers was ordered up to clear the way. After a delay of an hour or two our march was continued, but under orders to observe the strictest silence, and with vigilant lines of skirmishers covering our front and flanks. We were in expectation, at every step, of stumbling upon the foe. At about six miles from our camp our road was met at right angles by the "Falls Church" road, and as that village was our destination, we turned the corner under the thick eclipse of the overhanging trees. The soft and dusty soil muffled our footsteps, and it would have been difficult to imagine in the silence of our movements, that several thousand men were "marching along." When the head of our noiseless column reached the duskiest portion of the wood, a sudden volley of musketry from the left,

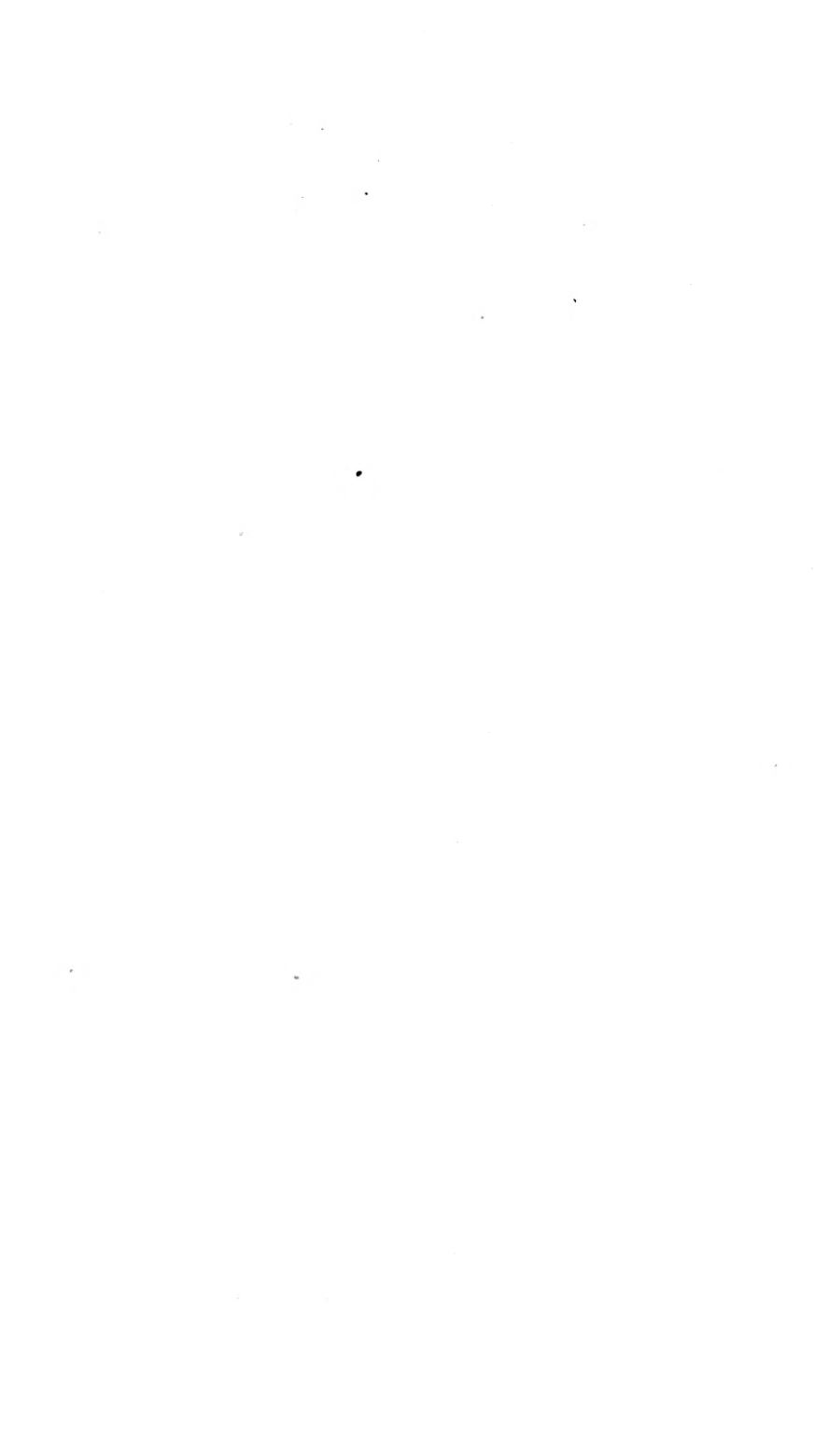
and only a few paces distant, illuminated the darkness with its portentous glare. The leading battalion instinctively taking the defensive, returned the fire without awaiting orders. The horses of a battery which followed it, startled with surprise, wheeled suddenly round, trampling upon the nearest soldiers, upsetting and breaking a caisson or two, and then tearing themselves loose, rushed away towards the rear until arrested by the bayonets and bullets of the troops. A scattered, but furious fire was being exchanged between the unseen foe and the leading battalion. The field officers of that battalion were at the moment absent, and its companies left to themselves, carried on the conflict at discretion. The commander of the second battalion inferring the affair to be an ambuscade, at the report of the first musket, turned his men past the battery, (which was quickly unlimbered and in position,) and giving them imperative commands not to fire without instructions, rode through the fire to the head of the column for instructions. His chiefs being absent, he assumed the general command, caused the firing to be ceased and returned toward the battery, in quest of General W. F. Smith, just as its volleys (by some unexplained and unaccountable error) were about to be discharged into our own column in advance of it. By summary interference the colonel's regiment was saved from annihilation. At this moment a number of stragglers from the extreme front who had broken from their ranks into the woods behind them, crossed over towards our column, were greeted by a fire from that quarter, under the impression that they were enemies, a circumstance, which in the darkness reawakened for a time the confusion which had just subsided. These events occurred between the hours of twelve and one o'clock at night, and for raw troops, afforded opportunity for displaying (as Napoleon termed it) "their one o'clock in the morning courage," which is a very different thing from the courage of the open day. For the most part their bearing was irreproachable and worthy of veterans, save a few individual exceptions. As soon as our own firing was arrested that of "the enemy" was likewise suspended, and we halted on the spot until daybreak: then it was

discovered that the supposed enemy was a picket-reserve attached to the division of General Fitz John Porter, who had command of the lines immediately upon our left; and which from the most culpable negligence, or from reasons still more atrocious, failed to receive the necessary instructions that we were coming. To make the subject, if possible, additionally unintelligible, the officer in command of skirmishers at the head of our column (who had obtained the countersign that evening by accident) was the only officer in the battalion who possessed it, and he had exchanged it with General Porter's pickets, when hailed by them as he passed. The result of this encounter was eight men killed and sixteen wounded. Whether it could have been a snare especially intended for General Baker, may perhaps never be explained, but many and anxious surmises, growing out of the rancorous and illy disguised jealousy, which was entertained of him by officers then high in authority, were afterwards muttered in dismal whispers, by those who witnessed his subsequent fate. He was casually detained in Washington that night, and was thus reserved for that later sacrifice, which must forever render Ball's Bluff a subject of memorable and melancholy suspicion.



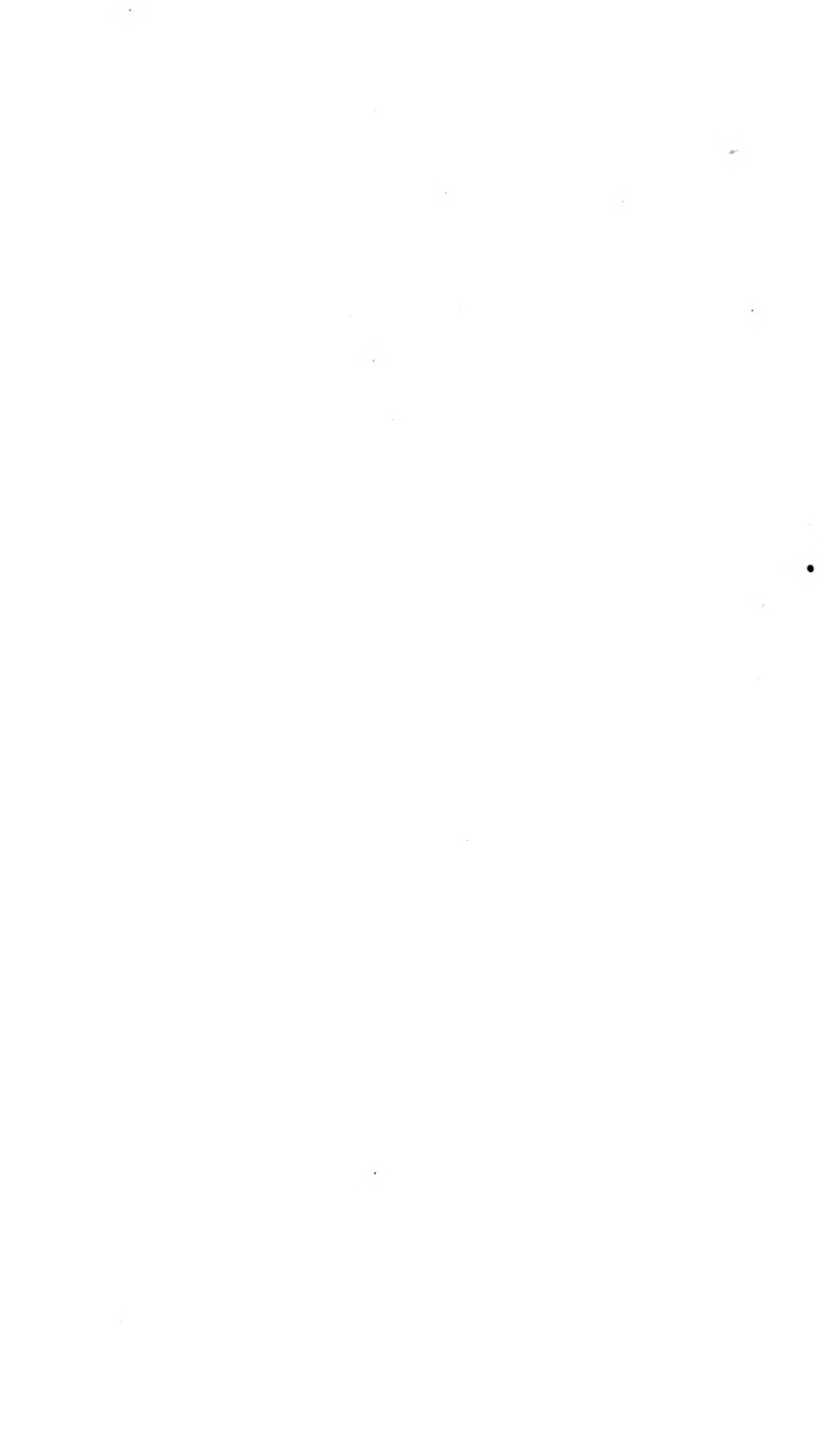






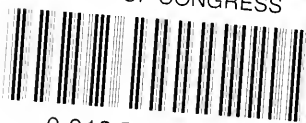








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